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New Carolls

For this merry time of
Christmas.

To sundry pleasant Tunes.

With new Additions never before Printed,
to be sung to delight the Hearers.



London, Printed by H. B. for Andrew Kemb, and
are to be sold at his shop near Saint Margarets
hill in Southwark, 1661.



Christmas Carolls.

A New Caroll of the Angell *Gabriel*, his Salutation to the blessed Virgin *Mary*.

To the Tune of, *The Blazing Torch*,

When Righteous Ioseph wedded was
to Israells Hebrew maid,
A glorious Angell came from Heaven,
who to the Virgin said,
Hail blessed Mary full of grace,
the Lord remains in Thee,
Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son,
thy Saviour to bee.

That's wondrous strange, quoth Mary than,
I should conceive and breed,
Being never touch'd by mortall man,
but pure in thought and deed.
Fear not quoth Gabriell by and by,
it is no work of man:
But onely God's, ordain'd at first
before the world began.

New Carols.

Which heavenly message she believ'd,
and did to Jury go,
Three months with her friends to stay,
Gave blessed will to them:
And then return'd to Joseph back,
her husband meek and mild,
Who thought it strange his wife should be
untoucht, thus grown with child.

Wherefore (thought he) to shun that shame
he thought her to forsake:
But that Gods Angel in his sleep
Gods mind also undertakes:
Fear not just Joseph, this thy wife
is still a spotlesse maid,
and no consent to sin (quoth he)
against her can be laid.

For she is purely Maid and Wife,
the Mother of Gods own Heir,
The babe of Heaven, and blessed Lamb
of Israels flock so fair.
To save lost sheep to Satan sold,
whom Adam lost by fraud,
When first in Edens Paradise
the Lord had bestow'd.

Thus Mary with her husband kind,
together did remain,

for a merry christmas.

Untill the time of Iesus birth,
as Scriptures both make plain.
Thus Mother, Wife and Virgin pure,
our Saviour sweet conceiv'd,
All three in one to bring us joy,
of which we were bereav'd.

bring praises then both old and young,
to him which wrought such things,
That thus without the help of man,
sent us this King of Kings;
Which is of such a blessed power,
that with his word can quell
The world, the flesh; and by his death
could conquer death and hell,



A new Caroll of the birth of our blessed Sa-
viour Iesus Christ.

To the Tune of,
Kisse and bid me welcome home.

Augustus Cæsar having brought
the world to quiet peace,
And that the fearful noise of wars
in every Land did cease

New Carols.

1
Iust Joseph with his Mary mild,
to Bethlehem did come,
As blessed time appointed was,
to ease her burthened wombe,

When all the Town being full of Guests,
such was their haplesse case,
Then not a Bed was left for them,
nor any Lodging place,
But in a poore and simple Inn,
whereas an Dyes stall,
Appointed was to entertain
the Saviour of us all.

No Mantle nor no Scarlet Robe
could Iesus Christ have there:
No Swaddling-bands nor linnen saile
to wrap our Saviour deare;
Nor other Purles Lullabyes
but blessed Maries arms,
To Rock the blessed Babe asleep,
with Heavenly Hymns & Charms

Thus was the Son of God not born
in Majesty and state.
As Princes of the Nation be,
who was a Prince more great;
Yet at his blessed Birth the Thrones

of

for a merry christmas.
of heavenly Angells sung,
And every thing then hearing life
rejoyc'd with voyces strong.

O holy, holy Lord of Hosts,
this was the joyfull mirth,
Which soundes out in every place
for Iesus Christ his birth,
Both Cherubins and Seraphims,
with all the powers of Heaven,
With dancing joy sang praises forth,
to glorifie that Even.

And when the cheerfull morning came
when Gods dear son was born,
A blessed Star with blazing beams
did all the skies adorn;
Which unto Shepherds in the field
the first of all appear'd: (down,
A voyce from Heaven came likewise
and thus the shepherds cheer'd,

This day is born a blessed Babe,
a Saviour and a King,
Whose merits shal redeem the world
and man's salvation bring:
And he is named Iesus Christ,
within a manger laid,

New Carols.

Conceiv'd and born by Gods own Spirit
even of the Virgin Maid,

Not onely thus the Star appear'd
unto the Shepherds poore,
But to the Sages of the World,
to make his glory more,
Who came conducted by that Starra
from Countries far from thence;
And offered at Christs blessed feet
Gold Myrra, and Frankincense.

All which when cruell Herod heard,
and of the honour done,
By these three Wise men of the East
to Marias blessed Son.
He sent throughout all Iury Land,
to have this Jesus slain,
With every one of two years old,
or under did remain.

So Bethlehem grew red with blood,
and white with Infants bones
And nought was heard all Judah o're,
but childles mothers moans:
But Marias Babe by Heaven preserv'd
escap'd his bloody rage,
And liv'd in Egypt till he grew

for this merry Christmas.
to the ten of seven yea & age.

And as Gods Angell did appoint,
his parents back return'd,
With this their son to Iuries Land,
and safely there sojourn'd,
For Herods death by judgments strange,
before that time befell,
Whose bowels brake, and guts fell out,
as ancient Stories tell.

So Jesus Christ at twelue years old,
In Iury 'gan to preach,
And to the learned of the Land
old Moses Law did teach:
And afterwards for forty days,
he did both watch and pray,
Till cursed Judas with a kiss
sweet Jesus bid betray.

Another for Christmas day.

To the Tune of Essex last good night.

All you that in this house be here,
Remember Christ that for us dy'd,
And spend away with modest chere,
In loving soyt this Christmas Tide,

And

New carolls,

And wheras plenty God hath sent;
Give frankly to your friends in love:
The bounteous mind is freely bent,
And never will a niggard prove.

Our Table spread within the Hall,
I know a banquet is at hand,
An friendly sort to welcome all
That will unto their Lackings stand

The meats are bonny Stiles I see,
Who have provided much good cheer,
Which at my danc's commandment be
To set it on the Table here.

For I have here two knives in store,
To lend to him that wanteth one;
Commend my wit good lads therefore
That comes now hither having none

For if I should, no Christmas Pye
Should fall I doubt unto my share:
Wherefore I with my manhood try,
To fight a battle if I dare.

For Past-crust, like Castle walls,
Stands braving me unto my face,
I am not weak until it falls.
And I make Captain of the place,

The

for this merry Christmas.

The Wines so lovely look on me,
I cannot chuse but venture on:
The Wy-meate spiced brabe I see,
The which I must not let alone.

Then Butler fill me forth some Beer
my song hath made me somewhat dry:
And so again to this good Cheer,
I le quickly fall courageously.

And for my master I will pray,
With all that of his Household are (may
Bold Old and Young, that long we
Of God's good blessings have a share.

For St. Stephens day.
To the Tune of Henries going to Bullen.

With merry glee and solace,
This second day of Christmas,
Now comes in bravely to my masters house,
Where plenty of good cheer I see,
With that which most contenteth me,
As Brawn and Bacon, powder'd Beef & Souf.

For the lode of stephen,
That blessed Saint of Heaven,
Which now's was Jesus Chyft his sake,
Let us all both more and less,

New carolls.

Cast away all heavinesse,
And in a sob.r manner merry make.

He was a man beloved,
And his faith approb'd,
By suffering death upon this holy day:
Where he with gentle patience,
And a constant sufferance,
Hath taught to us all heaven the ready way

So let our m. th be still,
That not one thought of evil
May take possession of our hearts at all,
So shall we love and labour get
Of the n that kindly thus do set
Their bounties here so freely in this Hall.

Of delicates so dainty,
Here now here is plenty,
Upon this table ready here prepar'd;
Then let us now give thanks to those
That all things friendly thus bestows,
Esteeming not this world that is so hard.

For of the same my Master
Hath made me here a Master,
The Lord above requite him for the same:
And so to all within this house,

for a merry Christmas,
I will drinke a full carouse,
with leave of my good Master & my dame,

And the Lord be praised,
My stomack is well eased,
My bones at quiet may go take their rest;
Good fortune surely followed me,
To bring me thus so luckily,
To eat and drinke so freely of the best.

For St. John's day.

To the Tune of, *Salengers round.*

In honour of Saint John we thus
do keep good Christmas fare,
And he that comes to dine with us,
I think he need not spare.
The Butcher he hath kill'd a good beest,
the Caterer brings it in:
But Christmas Pies are still the chief,
if that I durst begin.

Our Bacon-hogs are full and fat,
to make us luscious and whole;
Full well may I rejoyce therewith,
to see them in the house.
But yet the minced Pye it is,
that sets my teeth on wat. r:

New Carols.

Good Mistris let me have a bit,
for I do long thereafter,

And I will seech your water in,
to Brew and Bake withall,
Your love and favour thus to win,
when as you please to call; (leave
Then grant me Dame your love and
to taste your Pye-meat here.
It is the best in my conceit,
of all your Christmas cheer.

The Cloves & Spice, & gallant pines
that here on heaps do lye,
As big as both my thumbs,
enticeth much mine eye.
Oh! let me eat my belly full
of your good Christmas pye,
Except thereat I have a pull
I think I sure shall dye.

Good Master stand my loving friend,
for Christmas time is short,
And when it comes unto an end,
I may no longer sport.
Then while it doth continue here
let me such favour find,
To eat my fill of that good cheer
that best doth please my mind.

Then

for a meriey Christma:
Then I shall thank my Dame therefore,
that gives her kind consent,
That lack your boy with others more
may beve this Christmas spent,
In pleasant mirth and merry glee,
as young-men most delight;
For that's the onely sport for me,
and so God give you all good night.

For innocents day.

The Tune is, *The London Prentice.*

This is the day that Iesus Christ
escaped Herods rage,
For which all Christians greatly may
rejoyce from age to age.
Both Old and young within the house
remember that good day,
Give God the praise with merry heart,
and cast all care away.

For here I see prepared is
of Christmasse fare good store,
With friendly welcome to the same,
what can a man wish more?
For good Roast-meat me hink I see
the loveliest in the Town:

New Carols.

To which with my good Masters leave,
Ile hololy sit me down.

My Dame I know will be content
that I shall tast thereof,
And therefore sets in friendly sort
before me her white loaf.
And Christmas-Ale both good and fit a le,
of mault can be no better,
For which good chear I must be here
my Dames true meaning debtoz.

Good fellows all withn this house,
that find such passing dyet:
Take heed lest that my Dames good Ale
be bying you out of quiet:
and in remembrance that this day
our blessed Saviours life
was thus preserv'd, lets all praise God,
both Maiden, Man, and Wiffe.

For New years day.

To the Tune of Riding to Runford.

The New year is begun,
the old is ended:
and the faults I have done
shall be amended:

New Carols.

Kate and Tom, Nan and Sis,
must amend what is amiss,
For my counsell is
to this whole household.

Rich men have these years gifts

given them plenty;
and to their Tables brought
delicates dainty:

But the gift I'll bestow

make; here no outward show,

For 'tis the love I owe

to my Dame and Master.

They keep good oyst still,

here at your Table,

To which I'll shortly stand

if I be able

With a Knife and Spoon,

Shall my brave valiant son,

Like the man in the moon,

here be performed.

For I'll be judged here

by my good Master,

If one of my bignesse can

eat any faster.

Fill me one cup of Wine,

New Carols.

for to drink down this cheer,
I have found favour here,
to God be thanked.

For Twelfth-day.

To the Tune of Bonny sweet Robin.

Now farewell good Christmas,
adieu, and adieu,
I needs now must leaue thee,
and look for a new:
For till thou returnest
I linger in pain,
and I care not how quickly
thou comest again,

But ere thou departedst
I purpose to see,
what merry good pastime
this day will shew me:
For a King of our Massell
this night we must chuse,
Or else the old custome
we carelesse ly lose.

The Massell well spiced,
about shall go round,
Though it cost my good master
best part of a pound:

for a merry christmas.

The Maid in the Buttery
stands ready to fill
Her nappy good liquor
with heart and good will.

And to welcome us kindly,
my Master stands by,
And tells me in friendship,
one tooth is a nip :
Then let us accept it
as lovingly friends,
And so for this Twelfth day
my Carol here ends.

For Candlemas day.

To the Tune of Welladay.

Christmas hath made an end,
welladay, welladay,
Which was my dearest friend,
more is the pity:
For with an heavy heart
Must I from thee depart
To follow Plow and Cart,
all the year after.

Lent is fast coming on,
welladay, welladay,
That loves not any one
more is the pity,

New Carols,

For I doubt both my cheeks
Will look thin eating Leeks,
Will is he then that seeks
For a friend in a corner,

All our good cheer is gone,
Welladay, welladay;
And turned to a bone,
more is the pity:

In my good Masters house
I shall eat no more Houso,
Then give me one Carouse,
gentle kind Butler.

It grieves me to the heart
Welladay, welladay,
From my friends to depart,
more is the pity:
Christmas I mean tis thee
That thus forsaketh me,
Yet till one hour I see,
will I be merry.

A new Christmas Caroll for the bitter passion
of our blessed Saviour.

The Tune is, The North-Country Lasse

When Jesus Christ had lye'd
full thirtie years and more.

In

for this merry Christmas.
In working wonders among the Twelve
of his Apostles poor:

The appointed time was come,
that he for us should dy,
And that the hour of bitter death
approached and grew nigh.

He numb'reth up the Twelve
his Sacraments to take,
And so in Simon Lepers house
his Testament did make;
Where Judas to the Jew's
our Saviour did betray,
And unto them for thirty pence
sweet Jesus sold away.

This Judas with a Troop
of armed men came in,
And bound his Master fast in bonds,
in whom there was no sin;
and led him thence along
unto his Judgment place.
Where as he causelesse was condemn'd
to dye in vile disgrace.

They gave him flouts and mocks
with many a bitter blow,
The malice of these Rabbins Jews
in cruell sort to show.

New carolls.

And after made him bear
his Cross unto his death,
Till blood and water all the way,
Sweat out in fainting breath.

And then betwixen two thieves
they hang'd our Saviour up,
And so his blessed body there
to bleeding torments put.
They thrust him through the side,
where blood and water fell,
Till with his bitter passion he
had conquered death and Hell.

With nasses they pierced his feet,
and crown'd his head with thorns,
And gave him Gallegar to drink,
with great reproach and scorn,
And for his Coat,
the soldiers did cast Dice,
Which was a garment without seam
and Jewell of great price.

But when he yielded up
his blessed soul to Heaven,
The Temples veil with great amaze
was quite asunder riven,
The earth did trembling quake,
and graves did open wide.

And

for a merry Christmas.
And dead mens ghosts do up and down
in fearfull manner glide.

Yea Heaven it self grew dark,
the Sun forsook his light,
And for three hours they day was turn'd
into a dismall night.

Yea all things seem'd to mourn,
when our sweet Saviour dy'd,
Who in the height of all his paines,
then bitterly thus cry'd:

Into thy hands, O LORD,
my soul I do commend:
Whereat he pelted up his Ghost.
his passion thus to end,
All which then for our sakes,
he patiently endur'd.
That our salvation might thereby
be happily procur'd.

Now as sweet Iesus Christ
was crucified thus,
So let his bitter Passion be
remembered still by us:
That every Christmas time,
amongst us Christians all,
This Christmas Caroll may be sung
in every house and Hall.

FINIS.

